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brimming in heavily. Now they came unbidden, and vanished reluctantly—they were gazed away by force. Not my will, I thought, but my eye moved them: so I stared mountains into sky; and marble into sky;—enthroned statues—statues of power and purpose, girded with sliding lightning, defying eyes to move them, sat gazing through their hands, listening to the insurgent noises. It was a stirring—a whisper of perficating atoms—the wheezy ferment of matter—an outcry of children—the snap and burst of harp-strings—light—pain—the world; and a knowledge of day and night.

How do I know that these images mean nothing? How do I know that each of us has not his own dreams to dream, and no other? Has any one remembered—will any one tell me his dreams and delirious wanderings, that I may compare, analyze, and identify the peculiarities of each? Would not the flower of all plants mean nothing if the flower of all plants were the same? I think so; and if some mental botanist would only examine and compare these effervescences of mind, I cannot help thinking that its history might be as legible in the dream, as that of a plant is in the flower.

However it be, I shall keep my own counsel, and trust to those blind motions toward Sculpture meaning something.

I soon began to sit up and read, experiencing a feeling of rejuvenescence, which has accompanied my subsequent recoveries. It seemed as, one by one, my limbs resumed their functions, that I was revisiting an old house; looking into room after room, and going down passages where sunbeams dance dustily through keyholes—the shutters not yet open—with a child ever running before me. A living remembrance of childhood awakened at these times; and illnesses, bequeathing from one to the other, a fresh, green, infantine reality, are hardly unwelcome, if not longed for. Now the world thickens to solidity, and wells off myself from myself.

I think what a havoc those Townley marbles had made of it: how they had knocked about my early “naturalisms” and realisms, substituting a remote ideal, grand in its distance from fact. How I sat up in bed, and preferred, as I read it, Thomson’s Coriolanus to Shakespeare’s! how I dreamed of Greece, in marble; Rome, in bronze; and Tiber running in geometric waves!

I wish some one would tell me what he thought of statues, at first! statues, not sculpture; sculpture is too far advanced; we distinguish styles, too, and it is quite another thing. What I would get at, is the idea which possesses one when he first sees a “marble man.” I believe, with me, a statue was a “statue absolute,” and that whether it was natural Greek, or unnatural Roman, I should no more have thought of questioning its accuracy than I should have dreamed of a rock being wrong. I think I was a little, but a little, in advance of this sentiment when, sitting on my bed, I read Thomson, to a bronze accompaniment: as well as for a while after, and until I had copied several demigods, fauns, and other articles; and found them, like my tree studies, a little monotonous. Certainly the Elgin marbles had not this charm. They might have been natural, but they lacked the fascination: perhaps they were too

natural, too like men and women to be startling.

I think there is something in the fact of a “man made of stone,” or a “landscape done in paint,” that impresses us with a wonderful feeling, if the resemblance to nature is remote. For let it be so just and accurate as to inveigle us into the subject, and we take an interest in the persons and passions portrayed, too great to think of the portraiture; and, like the old woman in the pit of the theatre, long to scratch out the eyes of that villain on the stage, who is no one but David—Garrick! Is it not, for this reason, that the unversed in Art stand gazing at the bronze rocking-horse which carries Charles I., or a terminal bust of Bacchus, where the human semblance grows wonderfully out of the unwrought stone, reminding us still that ‘tis all stone, and holding the wonder in view? Is there not much of the “unwrought” and “terminal” wound up inextricably with all that statuary the unversed admire? And is not this *dissimilitude*, much or little, but unavoidably present in all works of Art, the very thing which makes it Art, and distinguishes it from nature and fact? Is it not the ding-dong of rhyme, and the rhythm of metre in Pope, which I used to take for poetry itself? And is there not something of this in all poetry—in the Psalms and in poetic prose? Is it not the “art of art,” given in an overdose to the unpoetical to make them sensible of poetry? This, I think, must be the charm of sculpture which impresses us on the first acquaintance. But how much of this dissimilitude to nature is necessary and admissible in art, will be difficult, I see, to determine. Certainly, a rough-hewn statue is too unlike nature to suffice, whilst, on the other hand, it appears that some sculpture is too natural to be strongly impressive. Now there is no one to help me! The artists, I know, won’t think, but work. The critics, I read, are erudite and recalcitrant; with learned divisions, bipartite and tripartite; but, beginning where the difficulty is greatest, they build up on that foundation an unintelligible mountain, covered with a verdure of poetry, and sprouting poetical suggestions, which, though they stand gracefully there, would look as absurd in painting and sculpture, as a fish standing up on its tail.

L'ORCO.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of Madame Dudevant.

(Concluded.)

THE next day, and the day after, the mask conducted Franz to the most important monuments of the city, introducing him everywhere with the most inexplicable facility, and explaining all that met their eyes with remarkable clearness, always revealing wonderful depths of knowledge and feeling. He knew not which to admire the most, the mind that could so fully comprehend all things, or the heart which intermingled with all its thoughts such beautiful traits of sensibility. That which in him formerly existed merely as fancy soon became an absorbing sentiment. Curiosity had led him to an acquaintance with the mask; it was astonishment which sealed

its continuance. Afterwards the custom of meeting it every night became for him an absolute necessity. Notwithstanding that the words of the unknown were always grave, and sometimes sad, Franz found in them an indefinable charm which drew him to her more and more, and he would not have closed his eyes at daylight, if, during the night he could not have heard her sighs, or witnessed her tears. He entertained a respect so sincere and profound for the dignity and suffering he imagined he discovered in her, that he had not yet thought of asking, or daring to think of removing her mask, nor to mention her name. As she had not requested his own, he would have blushed to show himself more curious and more indiscreet, and he therefore resolved to rely upon her disposition instead of his own importunity. She seemed to appreciate the delicacy of his conduct, and to be grateful accordingly, for at each interview she evinced towards him more trust and sympathy. Although there had not yet been uttered between them one single word of love, Franz still had reason to believe that she was aware of his passion, and disposed to respond to it. His hopes seemed as if sufficient for his happiness, and when he felt conscious of a keener desire to know her whom he had already installed the mistress of his heart, his imagination, assisted and strengthened by what he saw around him, painted her so perfect and so beautiful, that he almost dreaded the moment when her countenance should be revealed to him.

One night as they wandered together under the colonnade of St. Mark, the masked woman stopped Franz in front of a picture representing a girl kneeling before the patron saint of both city and church.

“What do you think of that girl?” said she to him, after having allowed him time to regard the painting.

“It is,” replied he, “the most marvellous beauty that one could see, or even conceive of; the inspired soul of the artist has indeed rendered its divine expression, but the model can only exist in heaven.”

The masked woman warmly pressed the hand of Franz. “For myself,” she resumed, “I know no face more beautiful than that of the noble St. Mark, and I could love only that man who is its living counterpart.”

Upon hearing these words Franz turned pale, and trembled as if seized with a vertigo: he had just recognized that the face of the saint bore to his own the most perfect resemblance. He fell upon his knees before the unknown, and without the power of expressing the simplest word, he seized her hand and bathed it with tears.

“Now do I know that thou belongest to me,” said she to him with a voice full of emotion, “and that thou art worthy of knowing and possessing me. To-morrow, at the ball at the Servilio Palace!”

She left him as before, but without uttering the sacramental words—so to say—which ended the converse of previous nights. Franz, beside himself with joy, wandered about the city the entire day without the power of stopping. He gazed upward at the sky, smiled at the laggunes, saluted the houses, and spoke to the winds: those who met him believed him crazy, and showed their belief by their looks. He observed it, and laughed at the folly of people

who amused themselves at his expense. When his friends demanded what had become of him for the month they had not seen him, he replied, "I shall soon be happy," and passed on. The evening came. He purchased a magnificent scarf and epaulettes, returned home to dress, and gave the greatest care to his toilet, after which he betook himself, dressed in uniform, to the Servilio Palace.

The ball was superb; the entire assembly, except the officers of the garrison, came disguised according to the terms of the invitation, and that multitude of diverse and rich costumes, intermingling and moving to the music of a powerful orchestra, offered the liveliest and most brilliant spectacle conceivable. Franz entered every saloon, approached every group, and cast his eyes upon every woman: several were remarkably beautiful, yet none appeared to him to warrant more than a passing glance. "She is not here," said he to himself; "I was sure of it; the hour is not yet come."

He placed himself behind a column facing the principal entrance, and waited with eyes fixed upon the door. Many a time the door opened; many a lovely woman entered without causing emotion in the heart of Franz. But at the instant the clock was about to strike eleven, he started, and cried, loud enough to be heard by those who stood near him,

"Tis she!"

Every eye was turned towards him, as if to demand the cause of his exclamation. But at the same instant the doors were suddenly opened, and a woman just entering drew towards her the attention of all. Franz immediately recognized her. It was the young girl of the painting dressed as a doge's wife of the fifteenth century, and rendered still more beautiful by the splendor of her costume. She advanced with a slow and majestic step, gazing boldly upon all around, saluting none, as if she had been the queen of the ball. Nobody except Franz knew her, but every one, struck by her marvellous beauty and dignified air, stood aside respectfully, and almost yielded a bow as she passed along. Franz, both dazzled and delighted, followed her at a moderate interval. At the moment when she reached the last saloon, a handsome young man, wearing the costume of Tasso, was singing a romance in honor of Venice, accompanying himself on the guitar. She moved directly to him, and regarding him fixedly, demanded who he was that dared to wear such a costume, and sing of Venice. The young man, startled by her look, turned pale, bowed his head, and offered her the guitar. She took it, and scarcely touching the cords with fingers white as alabaster, she burst forth in a rich, powerful voice into a strange song, and often broken.

"Dance, laugh, sing, gay children of Venice! For you, winter has no chill, night no shadows, life no cares. You are the happy ones of the world, and Venice is the queen of nations. Who denies this? Who dares to think that Venice is not always Venice? Be watchful! Eyes see, ears hear, tongues speak; if you are not good citizens, remember the council of ten! Good citizens dance, laugh and sing, but talk not. Dance, laugh, sing, gay children of Venice! Venice, the only city not built by the hand, but by the mind of man, thou

who seemest created as a transient dwelling for the souls of the just, and servest for them as a stepping-stone from earth to heaven: walls peopled with fairies, and still breathing magical inspiration; aerial colonnades that tremble in the clouds; delicate shafts mingling with the swinging masts; arcades that seem to contain thousands of voices answering to other voices; myriads of saints and angels that seem to hover about your domes, and move your marble and brazen wings when the breeze plays upon your dewy fronts; a city that lies not as others do, upon a dull and lifeless soil, but which floats like a crowd of swans upon the waves, O rejoice! O rejoice! O rejoice! A new destiny opens before you, as beautiful as before. The black eagle floats over the lion of St. Mark, and Teutonic feet are waltzing in the palace of the doges! Be hushed, music of the night! Wear away senseless flutterings of the ball! Be heard no more holy chant of fisherman! Cease thy mourning, voices of the Adriatic! Die, lamp of the Madonna; conceal thyself for ever, silver queen of the night! there are no longer Venetians in Venice! Do we dream? Is this a festival? Yes, yes, let us dance, let us laugh, let us sing! Now comes the hour when the shade of Faliero slowly takes its way down the Giant's staircase, and seats itself motionless upon the lowest step. We dance, we laugh, we sing! for now the voice of the clock says—midnight! and a chorus of the dead approaches to exclaim in our ears, Slavery! oh, Slavery!

On uttering these words, she let fall the guitar, which as it struck the marble tile, returned a funeral sound, and the clock struck. Everybody listened with breathless silence as the twelve blows succeeded one another. Then the master of the palace, advancing towards the unknown with an air half-frightened, half-angry, "Madam," said he, with a tremulous voice, "to whom do I owe the honor of escorting you to these halls?"

"To me," cried Franz, coming forward, "and if any one has reason to complain, let him speak."

The unknown, who did not appear to notice the demand of the master, turned quickly round at the voice of the Count.

"I live," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I shall live," and she turned towards him with a radiant countenance. But when she observed him, her cheeks paled and her brow contracted.

"Why have you thus disguised yourself?" she asked him in a severe tone, and pointing to his uniform.

"It is no disguise," he replied, "tis"—

He could say no more. A terrible glance from the unknown, almost, as it were, turned him to stone. She contemplated him a few moments in silence, then suffered two large tears to drop from her eyes. Franz was about to rush towards her; she did not give him time.

"Follow me," said she in a hollow voice. She then pushed rapidly through the astonished crowd, and left the ball-room, accompanied by the Count.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, she sprang into her gondola, and told Franz to take his seat by her side. When he had done so, he cast his eyes around him, and perceiving no gondolier:

"Who will conduct us?" said he.

"I will," she replied, seizing an oar with a vigorous hand.

"Let me!"

"No! Austrian hands cannot wield the oar of Venice."

Then, giving the gondola a vigorous push, it shot like an arrow upon the canal. In a few moments they were far from the palace. Franz, who expected from the unknown an explanation of her anger, was astonished and uneasy at her silence.

"Where do we go?" said he, after a moment of reflection.

"Where destiny wills," she replied in a mournful voice; and as if these words had rekindled her anger, she began to row with increased vigor. The gondola, obedient to the impulse of her powerful hand, seemed to skim over the water. Franz saw the foam rush by with dazzling rapidity along the sides of the bark, and ships which they encountered fly behind them like clouds in a tempest. Soon darkness grew darker. The wind arose, and the young man heard nothing but the flap of the waves, and the whistling of the wind in his hair, and he saw before him only the grand, white form of his companion relieved upon the blackness. Standing amidst ships, her hand upon the oar, with hair scattered over her shoulders, and her long white dress in disorder, and abandoned to the winds, she bore less resemblance to a woman than she did to the genius of wrecks reveling on a stormy sea.

"Where are we?" exclaimed Franz, with an agitated voice.

"Is the captain afraid?" replied the unknown with a scornful laugh.

Franz made no answer. He felt that she was right, and that fear was gaining on him: not being able to control it, he wished at least to conceal it, and he resolved to maintain silence. But at the lapse of a short interval, becoming giddy with terror, he arose and staggered towards the unknown.

"Down in your place!" she cried.

Franz, whom fear rendered furious, still advanced.

"Down in your place!" she repeated with a terrible voice; and observing that he continued to advance, she stamped with so much violence that the bark careened as if it would turn over. Franz was thrown down by the shock, and fell fainting upon the bottom. When he recovered, he saw the unknown was weeping, and crouched at his feet. Touched with her poignant grief, and forgetting all that had passed, he clasped her in his arms, raised her up, and seated her by his side; she still, however, continued to weep.

"O, dearest!" cried Franz, straining her close to his heart, "why these tears?"

"The Lion! The Lion!" she exclaimed, raising her marble arm to the sky. Franz turned to that point in the heavens indicated by her, and saw indeed the constellation of the Lion beaming forth alone in the midst of the clouds.

"What does it signify? The stars exercise no influence upon our destinies, and if they could, we should find friendly constellations to oppose the unfriendly stars: Venus glows above as well as the Lion."

"Venus is down, and the Lion has arisen. And there! Look! Who can struggle against that which approaches!"

She pronounced these words with a sort of wildness, lowering her arm toward the

horizon. Franz followed with his eyes to the point she designated, and saw a black spot relieved upon the waves in the midst of a halo of fire.

"What is it?" said he, with profound astonishment.

"Fate," she answered, "comes to claim its victim. Which one? you are going to ask. The one I will. Thou hast heard of the Austrians seen to step into my gondola, and who reappeared no more?"

"Yes, but that report is false."

"It is true. I must crush or be crushed. Every man of thy nation who loves me, and whom I do not love, dies. And so long as I love none, I shall live, and I shall cause to die. But if I love, I must die: it is my destiny."

"O, my God! who art thou?"

"Now it comes! In an instant it will be upon us. Listen! listen!"

The black spot drew near with inconceivable rapidity, and had assumed the form of an immense vessel. A red light gleamed from its sides, and surrounded it in every part; gigantic phantoms stood motionless upon its deck, and an innumerable quantity of oars rose and fell in measured cadence, striking the wave with a mournful sound, and hollow voices sung the *Dies Ira*, accompanying it with the clanking of chains.

"O Life! O Life!" resumed the unknown in despair. "O Franz! behold the vessel! Dost thou recognize it?"

"No; I tremble before that terrible apparition, but I know it not."

"Tis the Bucentaur. It is that which has swallowed up thy countrymen. They were here—in the same spot—at the same hour—seated by my side in this very gondola. The vessel came as it now comes. A voice cried: who goes there? I answered, Austria. The voice cried: Dost thou hate or dost thou love? I answered: I hate; and the voice bid me, Live. Then the vessel passed over the gondola, engulfed thy countrymen, and bore me off in triumph upon the waves."

"And now?"

"Alas! the voice is about to speak."

And, indeed, a melancholy, solemn voice, imposing silence upon the funeral crew of the Bucentaur, cried out, "Who goes there?"

"Austria," replied the trembling voice of the unknown.

A chorus of curses burst forth from the Bucentaur, which approached with a rapidity constantly increasing. Then another interval of silence, and the voice resumed: "Dost thou hate or dost thou love?"

The unknown hesitated a moment; then with a voice like thunder, she cried out, "I love!"

Then, said the voice,

"Thou hast accomplished thy destiny. Thou lovest Austria! Die, Venice!"

A startling cry—an agonizing, despairing cry filled the air, and Franz disappeared in the flood. On reaching the surface, he saw nothing, neither the gondola, the Bucentaur, nor his well-beloved. Save small lights gleaming on the horizon, that proceeded from lanterns belonging to the fishermen of Murano. He swam to the nearest shore of their island, and reached it at the end of an hour. Poor, poor Venice!

Beppa finished speaking. Tears stream-

ed from her eyes. We watched them in silence, without seeking to console her. Suddenly she dried her eyes, and said with capricious gaiety, "Well, why are you so sad? Does it come from the effect upon you of a fairy tale? Have you never heard of L'Orco, the Venetian Trilby? Have you never encountered it in the evening, in the churches, or upon the Lido? 'Tis a good spirit, which does no harm except to traitors and oppressors: it may be called the true genius of Venice. But the Viceroy, having learned indirectly and confusedly the perilous adventure of the Count de Lichtenstein, caused the patriarch to celebrate a grand exorcism upon the lagunes, and since that time L'Orco has been seen no more."

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLAGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

(Continued.)

ACT THE FOURTH.

A large Picture Gallery in Parma.

OTTAVIO, BATTISTA, *with books of accounts.*

OTTAVIO.

I'm satisfied, your bills are all correct.

BATTISTA.

A letter, signor, I have just received.

'Tis from my son; he writes to me from Florence; Perhaps he will be here this afternoon.

OTTAVIO.

Ah, that is well; and look you, not a word Of what I said to you of Nicolo!

BATTISTA.

By heavens, it takes my breath away, to think That he, a bandit of the Apennines, Should dare take service in your lordship's house,

To lie in wait the better for his prey!

OTTAVIO.

I've cause to think, the trick is nothing new.

Your thievish villains boldly ply their game, Both in the wood 'twixt Reggio and Parma, And wheresoever else there's ought to steal. But fair and soft; one bird is in the net, And soon his mates shall keep him company.

BATTISTA.

The things we live to see! Lord, lord, what men Be in the world!

OTTAVIO.

Enough of this! And now, To speak of matter which concerns me more. Antonio the painter comes to-day?

BATTISTA.

He's on the road, and will be here anon.

OTTAVIO.

Oh that the fair Maria came with him!

BATTISTA.

She'll not be long behind him, Eccellenza! Strew but your peas, and pigeons flock apace. But one thing strikes me as embarrassing, So please my gracious lord to let me speak—

OTTAVIO.

Proceed! proceed!

BATTISTA.

Your Grace is on the eve Of entering into matrimonial bonds. The lovely Celestina will be here From Florence with her father presently;— How will that suit?

OTTAVIO.

Let this not trouble you!

The lovely Celestina, like her name, Is heavenly! Now, though as a Christian soul, I love what's heavenly, and most dearly prize it, Yet being also flesh and blood, the things Of earth have also charms for me. The lady Bears on me like a chilly winter's sun; She is too sage, too lofty, too high-souled; 'Tis doubtful if she'll have me; if she does, 'Tis purely from the love she bears her father, Who's bent on the alliance; me she loves not.

BATTISTA.

Nay, love will come in time.

OTTAVIO.

Perhaps it may;

As likely not. I beg no woman's love. I know her worth: she's rich and beautiful; Not one of our young Florentine noblesse, But would esteem it as his dearest pride, To gain possession of the lady's hand. I'd have her for my wife; it flatters me, To be the lord of that which all would win. The heart, though, has emotions, rights as well, Which will be heard, and Celestina here Must bend before the lowly artist's wife.

BATTISTA.

Yet, my good lord, two women in one house, How will that work?

OTTAVIO.

Oh, rarely! Celestina

Is young, enthusiastic, unsuspecting, Maria silent, unexact, meek. I am uneasy on one point alone,— Antonio's staying in my house to paint. The lady is an adept in the art, And paints with skill. Now with such mat-

ters I Am little conversant; Geronimo, my uncle, Bequeathed these pictures to me as his heir. I value them as other furniture, Nor less, nor more. Now, look you! should I

prove Antonio is no artist, where am I? He's poor, of no repute. This troubles me, For I would wish in any case to pass In her opinion for a connoisseur.

BATTISTA.

For is an awkward business, certainly, Foo, good my lord, he is a sorry knave; My word upon't, a dauber!

OTTAVIO.

What know you

About such things? You bear the man's grudge. No more!

BATTISTA.

Well, time will show. Ha! there he is, Crossing the garden!

OTTAVIO.

Say you so?

BATTISTA.

'Tis he.

How he stands gazing at the flower plots there; Like any strolling pedlar, with his picture Slung on his back! He stoops, and smells the flowers. I shouldn't wonder if he dared to pluck; I'll tackle him, if he does.

OTTAVIO.

Let him alone!

I'll step aside. The palace, the great rooms,